The Step
Hayden.

Sunday.

Sept 24th 1907.

My Violet.

I wish sometimes for
unpremeditated desire to write to
you would come over you.
Every word I must learn before
I love it. And yet you
are a good, generous, woman
too; & would give me pounds a
pound if I asked it.

Where are you, how are you, &

do you love me — or have you found
some choicer specimen somewhere?
O no — I want believe it
I have been talking to young men for
the last fortnight — Lamb —
Sidney Turner, but they remain
so pleasantly disinterested that I see
how I shall spend my days a virgin,
an Aunt, an authoress. S.T. is
now downstairs with Adrian,
making out a chess problem, or
fingering his own Opera at the piano.
For they can write music, as well
as Latin — speak & all the
rest of it. Strachey is with
Nessa & Clive. Anyhow, they are

a happy couple." I used to
think it might be intermittent,
but by now I see with pure
serene the very heart of the
machine. Love for weeks together
may seem to hover over the same
flower. We have gone on,
having picnics & walks & so forth,
& you will take me how fortunate &
happy I am.

NYPL

We go back on Thursday, &
I want to write for six months
unceasingly — about the pace I
go now — ink pots drying beneath
me — papers withering, as beneath
the heat of some tropic wind.

On Monday I go to Morley & lecture on Keats. Adrian is going to the Working Men to teach them History; he has found a man to read with. My letters are horribly Egoistic - but what am I to do about it?

I think you might ask me when you will come & see me. Have you heard from Nelly? I was talking today - sensing vaguely the presence of that Egeria Constantia - holly & violet & Lg. G. God: Osborne. Like a hot goat, I am pining for my garden of beautiful women.

No news of Kitty.

Yrs
OS.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Oct 1907

Monday.

My Violet.

God knows when you may be at this moment. I can't write I see no way of beginning as you can with this letter. I can't tell you for instance how I sat to Dodd today - or how someone else sate - only overgrown as a ripe mulberry tree - at the concert the other night. I gave a lecture to 4 working men yesterday: one

Sputter as his ms - & another
is an Italian & reads
English as though it were
mediaeval Latin - & another is
my degenerate poet, who wants
a blusher, & almost deserves
my hand when we happen
to like the same lines.
But I dont have any notes - I
can cite for the first sentence
of my lectures: The poet
Keats died when he was 25:
& he wrote all his works
before that. Indeed - how
very interesting, Mrs Stephen -
By the way. You are a d-d bad

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

woman: I asked you not to
show my writing, & you read it
to the Cram. Do send it
back here at once. Please never
lend, or quote or show — it puts
me in a misery only to imagine
it.
We are all driving our pens
like so many ploughs..
Clive is starting his reviews
& articles & novels; Vena is
getting models; Adrian analyses
old cadis wills; I — am mad.
To present you, you shant know

what it is that I'm doing – a
Zet, – well it needs reading
in the British Museum, –
a special ticket.

I am beginning to like this
house; & to work to make
a little money & buy
furniture.

How write, or telegraph:
I will pay for 6d.

G. G.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Monday.

Oct 15-1902-

Dear Violet,

I wrote you a long letter, — lost it. When I got back my heart leapt up to see the flowers, until I checked myself — supposed that they were a present from the gardener to Sophy — for knew my modest way. Then it was explained how a maid had brought them, with Mrs Dickinson or Mrs Lyttelton

love. A man outside confounded the two. I didn't think Lytton was likely.

My writing makes me tremble; it seems so likely that it will be dead bad – or only slight – after the manner of Vernon Lee. This isn't a catch for compliments. I will send for something when I have written it – but I have wasted all my time trying to begin things a taking up different points of view, a dropping them, a grinding out

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

the darkest stuff, which makes my
blood run thick. However,
I shall begin again now: I have
a what book of white paper
waiting me.
When shall you come through
London. I think I might somehow
insinuate myself inside a
cab; or wait on the top of a box,
or roll into a rug somewhere.
Why do you stay at Aldeburgh,
there are east winds there, both
I feel a man.
Here Alice came back yesterday-
but I can't now go into her
character; it will really be some

time before I can separate him from her. I dont think I have spoken to him alone since they married.

Adrian is going off to his new man on Thursday - Altogether, as you are a woman of discrimination you can picture us, as Aunt Fisher says: She has just written to beg us to dine with her - any night - any time - any clothes. I am sitting to Dodd one more time tomorrow. I have got to review a book on Marie Antoinette. How shall you write & tell me — Your letters are not letters - but as Thoreau the Chow had got his tail in the ink. Beatrice has sent Nessa some Sipatic 3 pronged forks.

Nov - 1907

Don't say a word to
help qualify criticisms.
as they are hasty.
& probably some
of them unsound.

W.

POST CARD

LONDON.W.

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

NOV 4 07

POSTAGE HALFPENNY

Miss V. Dickinson.

21. Manchester St.

W.

Mar - 1907

Don't say a word to
Nelly of my criticisms.
as they are hasty.
& probably some
of them wrong end.

M.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Nov. 1907

My Violet,

Thank you very much for your letter. Am I not to come & see you? Well - I suppose I must refrain. But you might consider my feelings rather more than you do I think. There

Stretching

been staying at Oxford, & stretching
my Wings (Islands) with trained strubs,
with not an area of flesh on
them. NYPL The atmosphere (the) of
Oxford is quite the Chillest
& least human known to me;
I see brains floating like
so many Sea anemonies,
nor have they shape or colour.
They are bladders, with great
veins on them. [This reads
like a school child's exercise - so
precise & formal it.] By
Colvin Herbert Fisher has his

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

merits; but what can you do
with a brain so comfortable
that nothing resists it – because
after all it attempts only solid
things – histories, & the triumphant
little text books. Now my
brain I will confess, for I don't
like to talk of it, floats in
blue air; where there are
circling clouds, soft sunbeams
& elastic gold, a faery forgetfulness
that can't be cut – has
must be tenderly enclosed, &
expressed in a globe of exquisitely
coloured words. At the mere

Prick & steel Inky vanish.
I wish Jen could talk me & some
back to write about.
I am sobbing with misery over
Vernon Lee, who really turns ab
sord writing to vapour, with her
fluency & NYPL hoc ipidity - the
plausible woman! I put her in
my black list, with Mrs.
Humphry Ward. But though
this is true as truth, & the
Saga said in the fairy tale, still
it can't be said in print;
anymore than I can sit to
Dodd naked. Though Heaven knows
the verdict of my class is - Damn
mediocrity. The Quaker.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

La written me a 'Spout 7
pure joy, from my entrails!
O Childhood! O Motherhood!
O Lamb of Light! O Babe of
Purity! O! O! O! Ask me
my darling, how you feel
this wondrous blessing! Ah
God, I would as soon talk to
butcher which was my regular
artery, as the thief which was
my Diamond ring. She
hopes to suck blood & bread
from me. Well - You
see the advantage I willing to sa

is that I needn't see open sea
dawn, & look like a restless
man at Elias Clock. All
Chattering, Yearning, inarticulate,
impenetrable, busy lives. Come
from exile in this world: just
reminds me I must at once
write to Sheephouse a very
short I will teach no more.
'O no more – Darkness has vanquished
Light.' I raised at last right,
but I have only a cruel to
damn my kind & the poisoned
world where I live.

NYPL